

THE

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LOSING AND GAINING.

BY C. I. R.

LAURA GRAHAM was beautiful—perfectly beautiful; everybody thought so, everybody said so; and the mirror which reflected her image many times in the day, whispered in her ear the same pleasant story. A profusion of glossy ringlets shaded a cheek where the rose and lily were harmoniously blended; and a pair of large dark hazel eyes beamed from beneath the long silken lashes, which softened without diminishing their lustre. In person, too, Laura was tall and well formed, and her figure displayed to the greatest advantage, by the aid of every outward adornment, for her doating father loved to deck his darling in the array which most became her, and Laura, with his purse at her command, indulged in the most extravagant fancies. The rarest fabrics of the looms of France or India were purchased with reckless expenditure, and worn with childish delight, while she bowed down, a willing votary, at the shrine of that hydra-headed monster, Fashion, to which so many rational and accountable beings yield their undivided homage.

But Laura Graham, despite these apparent advantages of wealth and beauty, was, in reality, an object of the utmost pity. Her mind abstracted from better things, her

thoughts fixed on the veriest trifles that could employ them, and her heart engrossed with the pleasures of the passing moment, who that looked on life in its true aspect, could fail to mourn over her? Vain and giddy as the butterfly, her existence seemed like that of the brilliant insect itself, but a summer day's enjoyment, with its winter unlooked for, unthought of—a fluttering thing, that would sport for awhile in the sunbeams, and then die and be forgotten. Yet, had her lot been cast in a rougher mould, or had God appointed her a lowlier station, Laura might have been a different character, and adorned a humbler home with those graces which now were slumbering in her breast. Her intellect was good, and capable of improvement; but its powers, untaxed, lay dormant, or were crushed beneath the weight of worldly prosperity, and in her was exhibited that saddest of all sad spectacles, a human soul unmindful of its own high destiny—a prisoner closely fettered, yet hugging its chains, and submitting to be a slave—a creature formed for the noblest pursuits, but wasting the best hours of her existence in chasing the shadows which eluded her grasp. To walk, to dress, to frequent those places of public amusement where the

gay and fashionable were to be met—these were the objects for which Laura Graham lived; while to appear in the most becoming costume, that she might rival or outshine her neighbors, and for which neither trouble or expense were spared, her constant aim. Yet happiness came not at her bidding. Satiety and fatigue were the result of all her efforts, and not unfrequently disappointment and regret the inevitable consequence of her brightest anticipations. The world cannot give us peace, and Laura found it so. The immortal spirit is not, *will not*, rest contented with an earthly portion. It is ever craving something more—something that is beyond, above it; and when man has vainly tried to slake his thirst at the “broken cisterns” here, he is taught at last, by bitter experience, that they are unavailing, and then he turns to the pure waters of the river of life.

Laura Graham had tasted of all the fountains of earthly enjoyment—had drank deeply, indeed, of each; yet, although she found them unsatisfying, she sought no other, and it was destined by Him who cannot err, that the sharp ministry of affliction should be employed to lead her to those never-failing streams, which have their source in heaven, and can alone supply the need of earth’s weary and care-worn children. It was in the midst of her enjoyments, when, like King Belshazzar, her heart was merry, that the handwriting on the wall foretold the threatened evil. Laura had appeared at a brilliant party, where she shone the fairest and the gayest; but coming from the heated rooms into the cold air of a winter’s night, she contracted a violent inflammation of the eyes, which confined her for many weeks to a darkened chamber, and when she came forth again it was as a helpless child, leaning upon her father’s arm, and doomed, it would seem, thenceforward to be numbered among the blind.

It was spring-time, beautiful spring-time; but alas! for her the earth wore no beauty, the heavens gave no light. An impenetrable veil of thick and abiding darkness was spread over all things, and the flowers yielded their perfume, but their tints were unseen. When first it became probable that her sight would fail entirely, Laura had given way to the most passionate grief; but as the certainty of her misfortune became more evident, this feeling subsided into the calmness of despair. She would sit for hours, with her hands

clasped passively in her lap, and if spoken to, only reply in monosyllables, uttering from time to time the most piteous sighs. Earth could give no support in this hour of trial, and she knew not of that which is unfailing; she felt the rod, but could not discern the hand which had appointed it, and her soul was sinking in the deep waters. Her father, overwhelmed by such a calamity, watched over her with the utmost solicitude. He rode with her, read for her, and left no means untried to while her into a partial forgetfulness of her sorrows, but it was all in vain; the books failed to interest her, and the flowers he brought were unvalued, or thrown aside with the pathetic exclamation, “Ah! take them away, father; I cannot see them now, and they make me long so to tear off these bandages, as if then I might look once more upon them!” and the withered roses, as they lay crushed beside her, seemed indeed the emblems of her own sad destiny. Mr. Graham mourned in agony over his fair but stricken child, and joyfully would have bestowed his entire wealth, could he have met once more the expression of those sightless orbs, or that she might have gazed again, if but for *one* hour, upon the broad blue heavens or the glorious world, now hidden from her view.

In the sunny days of her past existence, Laura had thought herself surrounded by friends; but now she realized the want of that true and abiding friendship which her former gay companions could not afford her. They came, but their conversation had lost its charm; they could speak only of those scenes and pleasures from which she was now excluded, and the afflicted girl turned, weary and heart-sick, away. Laura’s quiet chamber, too, was so different from what it had once been; so dull, and so mournful, that her young acquaintances soon reduced their visits to an occasional call, and she was left to feel how little worth was the world’s friendship, and to sigh, though hopelessly, for something more tangible, and more enduring.

Three tedious months of darkness and sorrow passed away, and Laura was beginning to grow, if not more resigned, at least a little more patient under her misfortune, when Mr. Graham received a letter, the contents of which he hastened to communicate to his daughter.

“I have some news for you, my dear,” he said, approaching the sofa where, as usual, poor Laura sat, melancholy and unemploy-

ed—"news which I am sure will give you pleasure. I have a letter here from your aunt Lee, who tells me that Anna is coming here to make us a visit. I am exceedingly rejoiced at it myself, for I know she will prove a great comfort to you."

Laura sighed, while she replied somewhat peevishly, "I shall not be very glad to see her, father—to receive her, I should say, for I had much rather be alone, with no one to annoy me, and she will find it very dull with no companion but a poor blind girl."

"I hope not," said her father, assuming as cheerful a tone as he could command. "Anna, I am told, has a lively disposition, which can make even grave people gay, and my sister speaks of her as one who has determined to devote herself to you for some months, in which case, gratitude alone, I think, will induce you to give her a kind reception."

"She is very good," said Laura, mournfully. "Everybody is kind to me, and I try to be grateful; but I have lost my interest in all the world now, and nothing, I believe, will ever make me happy again."

In the course of a week, Anna Lee arrived, a blooming girl of nineteen, full of health and spirits, with a face of such innocence and purity, that it did one good to look upon it, and a calm, happy, loving heart, that embraced all mankind as brothers, and was ever overflowing with sympathy and tenderness to all who asked either a smile or a tear. Anna was the centre of attraction in her native village, admired and beloved by everybody, the friend of the poor, the nurse of the sick, the champion of the slandered, and the warm advocate of every good cause. Her father, the faithful pastor of a small congregation, found her a ready assistant in his labors of benevolence, and with the name of Anna Lee there always came a thought, to my own mind at least, of some pure and holy spirit, whose mission to earth was one of love and pity.

Anna's religion was more of the heart than the head. She made no boast of extraordinary piety—in fact, said little or nothing upon the subject; but her love to God was exhibited in good will to man; and although actively engaged at home in a variety of duties, which were pleasures in themselves, the news of Laura's situation no sooner reached B. than she resolved to abandon them all, and as soon as possible go to New York, that she might

devote herself entirely to her blind cousin. "I think I may be a comfort to her, poor motherless girl!" she said, "and if so, I certainly *ought* to go." But many weeks elapsed before it was practicable to make the journey, and her parents, although approving her design, were so unwilling, and in truth so unable, to part with her, that they could not regret the delay.

Laura welcomed her guest with some degree of pleasure, and her pale face was brightened, for the first time in many months, with a smile, which her father hailed as a harbinger of future good. In fact, there was a cordial even in the gentle tones of Anna's voice, and Laura forgot to relapse into her former silence and indifference while her cousin spoke, and did not care to relinquish the soft hand which held her own so kindly. Anna's conversation, simple yet refined, embraced a variety of topics, which, to Laura, were quite new. The country, hitherto considered as dull and tiresome to the city belle, was now pictured by this devoted lover of nature, in the most glowing colors. She talked of the green lanes all about the village, till Laura fancied she could inhale the breath of the wild flowers which grew in all the shady nooks—of the bright and babbling stream, till its sylvan voice seemed to break upon her ear; and even the quiet churchyard lost its dreariness, as she depicted the glowing sunshine which lay so warmly upon the green graves, and the soft southern breeze that swept so tenderly over them.

Laura wondered why it was that all these beauties had escaped her observation during her occasional visits at B., and although she sighed deeply and bitterly, that her eyes were now sealed from all this loveliness, yet she found a melancholy pleasure in viewing them again through the medium of her cousin's description; and Mr. Graham, while he watched her expressive features, indulged the hope that his daughter might be again restored to her wonted cheerfulness, and blessed the hour which had brought Anna Lee beneath his roof.

It was with an earnest zeal and a missionary spirit that the pastor's daughter now set about the task she had imposed upon herself, that of leading her afflicted cousin into those paths of peace which her own feet had found so pleasant, looking in humble trust for God's blessing upon her efforts. Without it, she well knew all her labors

would be fruitless, and heartily did she pray for that grace and strength, without which every exertion on her part was utterly vain.

Laura's former habits of life were not unknown to Anna, and to break through these at once, would, she knew, be altogether impossible. She soon found that books of a decidedly religious cast were distasteful to Laura, whose mind, weakened and diseased by the light reading of the day, was unable to bear more nutritious food at once. She therefore varied their hours of conversation with the perusal of a well chosen poem, historical anecdote, or tale of strictly elevated tone, making the Bible a part of their regular morning employment, and always closing the day with a chapter at her cousin's bedside. Her greatest difficulty was in drawing Laura's thoughts sufficiently from her misfortune to engage in any employment, and also to instruct her in those arts which were suitable for her at present, but by degrees this was happily accomplished. Laura was taught to knit and even to sew without sight, and Anna daily endeavored to win her from the memory of her terrible loss by pointing out the great and numberless blessings which yet remained.

Laura's piano had never been unlocked since her illness; but Anna, seizing upon anything which might arouse or interest her, now turned to this as another source of comfort.

"You have not played for me since I have been with you," she said one morning, when Laura had seemed particularly listless, "and I do love music so much, that I think you might indulge me with some."

"I shall never play again," said Laura, "never. I wish you could play, Anna, and then I would give you my piano."

"Would you indeed?" said Anna gaily. "Come, then, it is mine, for I do play a little. But why should you give up your music, dear? I am sure you will find it a great source of pleasure if you will try it."

"Nothing can give me pleasure now," said Laura mournfully, "and I should hate the gay songs and lively airs I played last summer, they would accord so little with my present gloomy feelings."

"Then we might try something plaintive," said Anna, "which would be more agreeable, perhaps," opening the instrument as she spoke, and running her fingers over the keys. "What a sweet tone. If you will allow me, I shall play every morning."

"I shall be glad to hear you, said Laura, sighing.

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to instruct me a little yourself," said Anna, "as your musical education is so much farther advanced than mine. I have only an old fashioned piano at home, that is not in very good order, and but little time to practice, so that a lesson, now and then, with the use of so fine an instrument, will be a vast improvement to me."

"I would gladly teach you if I could," said Laura, "but I am unfit for everything useful, now."

"Listen to me while I play over this piece of Beethoven's, which is, I know, quite familiar to you, and correct me if I am wrong." And as Anna proceeded, she had the satisfaction to perceive that Laura listened attentively, her quick ear readily detecting the faults of an imperfect performer.

"Do you sing?" asked Laura, when the piece was finished.

"Yes, I sing in church, and if my friends ask me, I sing at home to oblige them," replied Anna, smiling.

"Then oblige me now."

"But my country ditties will not please your refined ears, perhaps."

"Yes, I shall like them all the better," said Laura.

"Some months ago," continued Anna, "my father preached from the words, 'In thy light we shall see light.' His sermon impressed me strongly, and on my return home I wrote some lines, which he adapted to a pleasing tune, and I used to sing them for him.

"Did you?" said Laura eagerly; "what were they?" And Anna, with an apology for her verses, which she said had been written hastily, sang to a simple accompaniment the following:

Toiling in darkness, lost in night,
How blindly, Lord, we seek for thee;
Shed o'er our souls thy glorious light,
And bid us thy perfections see.

Pierce thou the gloom—in pity shine
Upon our hearts with kindly ray;
Cheer earth's dim path with light divine,
And change its night to perfect day.

Be thou our light when sorrow's gloom
Hath shaded all that once seemed fair,
The cloud with brightness still illumine,
And bid us read thy mercy there.

Throw thou the rainbow's arch of light
Athwart the heavens with softest ray,
And with its colors pure and bright
The storm may haply pass away.

"I did not think you had a taste for poetry," said Laura, sighing, as the plaintive tones of her cousin's voice died away; "and your lines seem almost applicable to me, except that they crave for spiritual light, while I ask for bodily vision."

"And spiritual vision, too, I hope, dear Laura," said Anna earnestly. "We are all but poor groping creatures, without light from on high, and perhaps God has mercifully veiled your bodily sight that you may be able in spirit to see him more perfectly."

Laura leaned her head on the arm of the sofa, and the tears streamed down her face. That spiritual light! Ah! for the first time in her life, perhaps, she felt the great need of it—felt that with her, in mind as well as body, all was night; and Anna, kneeling down beside her, with the tenderest love and pity, soothed her griefs, and pointed her to Him whose coming had brought light to those who were sitting in darkness, and who was yet the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in his beams.

From that day Laura seemed more willing to converse on subjects of a serious nature than she had ever been before, and not unfrequently led the way herself. Anna's little song she expressed a desire to learn, and her cousin was delighted to observe the feeling manner in which she sang it, evidently appropriating the sentiment to her own case. The piano, now that it had once been opened, was a source of the purest enjoyment, and charmed by the harmony of sweet sounds, Laura never appeared so tranquil and happy as during the hours they passed beside it, while Anna taxed her powers to strengthen the interest thus excited, trusting that some good impression had been made on Laura's heart, which, by God's grace, might yet increase and deepen.

In this way the summer months wore on, and autumn came with its chilling frosts and falling leaves, reminding Anna Lee of home, and bringing a thousand thoughts of winter pleasures and fireside enjoyments; but when she spoke of returning, Laura's smiles were gone. What could she do without her cousin? Who would read and sing for her, and nurse her so tenderly? Surely Anna would not be so cruel as to leave them now,

or her aunt and uncle so unkind as to wish it; and moved by her entreaties, Anna consented to remain a few months longer, provided Laura would promise to spend the next year with her relations at B.

With the spring-time, therefore, the two friends prepared for their journey, and when May brought its blue skies and pleasant verdure, Laura Graham was happily settled at the parsonage, and Anna had returned once more to all the dear delights of her beloved home.

And how many new sources of pleasure were now opened for the blind girl! The voices of birds in the fresh and dewy morning, when they came chirping and frolicking past the open window where she sat, the sweet smell of the upturned earth, and the soft, fragrant wind that swept over her cheek as, leaning on Anna's arm, or supported by uncle Lee himself, she walked over the closely shaven grass, which seemed like velvet to her feet, or through the gravel walks of the garden, where she plucked the early flowers with her own hand, and was taught to raise her heart to Him who formed them. Within doors, too, she was the constant care and kindness of good aunt Lee, whose ingenuity daily devised some household occupation in which her niece could take part—the younger children, all emulous to do something for "poor cousin Laura"—the soft purring of little Amy's favorite kitten as it passed her chair—and even the old watch dog, who laid his broad head upon her lap, and licked the hand that patted him—gave comfort to her heart and smiles to her fair pale face.

As the summer advanced, the charms of country life appeared still more delightful. True, the world of beauty that lay around her was unseen; but Laura felt the genial influence of the season, and her ear caught a thousand pleasant sounds which escaped the observation of her companions—the busy hum of insects, the lowing of cattle in the distant pastures, the swing of the sythe in the tall thick grass, and the merry voices of the laborers in the fields beyond. Then, as autumn came on, robing the forests in "a coat of many colors," and breathing over the earth with his frosty breath, it was pleasant to sit by the early fire, listening to the conversation of uncle Lee, or the volume selected for general reading, the scene varied occasionally by the dropping in of a poor neighbor, or the more ceremonious visit of a rich

one. During the winter, which proved both long and severe, Laura remained within doors; but Mr. Lee proposed that, in order to shorten it, they should make a wide survey of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, producing several excellent works on the subject, and instituting Anna as general reader; and when the spring came again, Laura gladly acknowledged that she had gained more of valuable information since the loss of sight than she had acquired during the years which preceded it.

But God had graciously in store for her the restoration of that precious gift. A celebrated oculist arrived at this time from Europe, to whom Mr. Graham immediately submitted his daughter's case. Laura returned home, was placed under his care, and by a successful operation once more permitted to behold the light of day.

It was a glorious waking from that night of sorrow and darkness, and Laura's whole soul

was poured forth in gratitude to the Giver of every good. But her season of trial had not passed away unimproved. She had heard the voice of the Creator in his works—had found a loveliness in Nature of which she had not dreamed before, and a melody in winds and waters to which she had not listened until now; her eyes had been shut to the visible world, but opened to a region of beauty, which, in her days of vision, she had not beheld. Above all, she had looked into her own heart, and back upon her past life—had perceived how fearfully she had misemployed the hours given her for better purposes; and now, in the faithful discharge of duties as a wife and mother, as a daughter and friend, Laura Graham recognizes those months of blindness as the most blessed period of her life, and Anna Lee as the honored instrument of leading her from the paths of folly into the ways of happiness and peace.

THE PILGRIM'S VISION.

It was in far Judea,
By dark Jehosaphat,
That, weary with his wandering,
A dusty pilgrim sat;
And as the clouds came o'er him,
And night with starless gloom,
He laid him down to sleep, beside
A prince's sculptured tomb.

Lulled by the mournful murmuring
Of Kedron's holy stream,
He slept, and in his slumbering
Came fitfully a dream—
Visions of days departed,
Of ancient men and hoary,
Of patriarchs and holy ones,
Gathered long since to glory.

Again the valley echoed
The slow and measured tread
Of mourners, to their kingly rest
Bearing the mighty dead.
Again the wail of Judah,
For his princes and his pride,
Woke the wild bird that slept unscared
On the mountain's rugged side.

New York.

Again the sad procession
Wound through the city gate,
Where, in his mighty grief bowed down,
A royal mourner sat.
Again the Jewish maiden
By her father's last abode,
Wept for the fallen altars
And the temple of her God.

Again the shout of armies
Went rolling through the glen;
The crash of arms, the shriek, the wail,
The death-cry of the slain;
The eagle of the Roman
Was on Judah's fallen throne;
The lion-standard struggled once,
Then went for ever down.

Morn flushed the minarets,
And mournfully afar,
From watching o'er Jerusalem,
Shrank back the morning star.
The pilgrim woke, and ere his staff
By Kedron's bank was set,
The first faint sunbeam fell and slept
On holy Olivet.

ESTEL.

THE FATHER IN THE SNOW.

FROM THE GERMAN OF W. ALEXIS.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

"God preserve you, worthy pastor!" said the shepherd. "You have a weary road before you."

"With these words he tied the lantern about the horse's neck, and took off his cap respectfully. The pastor thanked him in silence, by a warm pressure of the hand.

"The greater the need, the nearer is God."

He now turned his wearied horse from the door, and guided him into the road, which was deeply covered with snow.

"Keep to the right of the guide-post, worthy pastor," said the shepherd, calling after him. "Pull down your ear-lappets; the wind blows more keenly than ever. To the left of the guide-post is"—The rest was lost in the wind, and shaking his head anxiously, the shepherd entered his door again. "As if we had not care and sorrow enough already," he said to himself, "but new trouble must come into the house, like the snow from heaven, one knows not whence it comes, nor whither it goes."

The road from the solitary hut to the parsonage had never appeared so long to the pastor before, and still it was but three miles. The clear cold weather which prevailed when he rode out had long since passed away. While engaged in the trying duties which had occupied him in the cottage, the clouds from the south-west had spread over the whole horizon, and had discharged their contents so rapidly, that now nothing met his eye but a vast sea of snow.

The wind howled and whistled, and tossed up the snow, and piled it heap upon heap. The horse panted, the lantern clattered about his neck, and the stirrups, although wrapped with straw, were icy cold.

And still all this was but a trifling anxiety for the pastor when he thought of the misery which would meet him on his return. Had not the spring floods of this year deluged the rich lowlands far and near—had not the prosperity of the peasants vanished—had not the waves swallowed up his pittance, as well as the treasures of the rich—had he not stood

upon the same dam with the proud, rich nobleman, whose broad estates bordered upon his parsonage, and who was wont to greet him only with haughty condescension—had he not stood there and looked on in despair, as the floods swept away the herds of the wealthy lord and the last cow of his own barn-yard?

There he stood wringing his hands, and raising them towards heaven, fast locked in the embrace of his shrieking wife. The waves swept by, bearing his infant's cradle, and he could not save it. And the rich, proud lord tore his hair, for his child likewise floated in its little bed upon the stormy waters. He shouted—he cursed—he prayed! In vain!—not a bark was to be seen far and wide. In the excess of his grief, the rich man would have plunged into the flood, not knowing himself whether in the vain hope of rescuing his child, or in that despair which seeks destruction.

The pastor had torn himself from the embraces of his wife, and in this last decisive moment seized the mourner with a strong hand.

"There is a God above thee!" he exclaimed.

He held him back; he held him with a firm grasp—firm even when his eyes beheld a sight that pierced him to the heart. The two cradles of the poor and of the rich man struck together. In a moment all was over, and the succeeding rush of waters swallowed up their prey. The two fathers stood there, the one poor and the other rich; but the poor man was now the richer, for the rich man was now no longer a father.

Though his own heart bled—though stunned by the screams of his wife, wet through by the dashing spray, and exposed to the piercing wind, which blew from the North-sea over the angry waves, yet still the pastor must console and support, both bodily as well as mentally, the poor, fainting, sinking sufferer; and the earth shook beneath him, the dam gave way, and through breach after breach the flood burst in, separating from one

another the few who had been rescued, and thus the dreary night came on.

It was of this night—not the first fearful one of his life—that the pastor now thought of, on his return home, and the blood stirred again in his veins. He thought how the stern, proud man clasped him about the neck, and would not loose his hold, even when the long wished for boat brought them succor. He would fain listen again to words of divine consolation, and from the lips of one who, in such need of solace himself, could still deal it out so richly to his neighbors. The pastor could still bear the reproaches of his wife, as she upbraided him for his heartlessness in forgetting her and their child, then at the mercy of the waves, in his care for the rich man. He had not forgotten them, but he hoped for a richer harvest. The wife was soothed, indeed, when she heard that the rich man would abundantly provide for them in their poverty. But the pastor had reaped his reward already, when he beheld the change wrought in the proud man—when, from this fearful hour onward, both were friends—when the wealthy lord promised to be a new man, a father to his poor neighbors, a rescuing angel to the whole country round.

He thought also of another moment. The flood subsided; poverty and despair crept about the ruined villages, and about the devastated farms. How trifling were the gifts which appeared so vast in the newspapers of London and Hanover—how trifling when the commissaries portioned them out among the sufferers! When the spade found soil again, they dug two short and narrow graves, side by side, and the bodies of two children, which had been found hanging in the bushes, were there interred. The rich man helped to cover them with the green turf; it was the last act at which he assisted. The same day he laid himself upon his bed, stricken down by the terrors of that night, and never rose again!

Too quickly had death visited his pillow. The pastor's name was found written on a paper that lay near him; large sums stood opposite to it, and then followed the names of all who had suffered by the inundation; but a single stroke of the pen was wanting—a single name—that of the cold, pale man who lay there. The pastor's poor wife could not believe it. She shook his stiffened hand, but he would not wake, not even long enough to write his name.

"Merciful Father, what will become of us! whither shall we turn?" she exclaimed, wring-

ing her hands in despair, as frantic as when the waves swept away her child.

"As heirs of the departed, we must execute his will," said her husband with a calm smile, and read over the list of those whom the deceased would have rescued from their misery with his wealth.

This, however, was beyond the pastor's power. He had no money to distribute among them, for those from whom he should receive his dues were the needy ones themselves. But he went about among them, day and night, imparting counsel and consolation, and administering, as far as he was able, to their needs.

Then, when he returned home, his young wife would weep. She had seen better days. He had gained her hand after many a hard struggle. In the first glow of love she had followed him to poverty, and now she wept hot and bitter tears, and turned from him, and would not speak to him.

"He has no love for his wife; he has no heart for his child!" she murmured in her dreams, and peace fled from his desolate dwelling.

The May sun had shone again upon the moorlands of East Friesland; the peasant had dug the mere-stones from the mud; the plough passed once more over the dried fields, and the few remaining cattle were urged along in pairs. The June sun shone warm; the July sun shone hot upon the thickly standing ears. The pastor had reckoned up the petty gains which he expected from the produce of his harvest, and ventured to speak comfort to his wife, who had lately been brought to bed of a son. "The necessities of the household could again be purchased," he said. She sighed and smiled; but even while she turned her head and closed her eyes again, the black clouds gathered around the church steeple, and before she awoke, the hail had destroyed her own, her husband's, and the hopes of three impoverished parishes.

"He has no heart; he can still smile!" she cried, and fell upon the bed of her slumbering infant.

Troubles never come singly, says the proverb.

The sun's rays sucked the noxious vapors from the pools which had remained upon the lowlands. Fevers were prevalent in the country round about, and the parsonage was not spared. The elder son died. The father had just recovered when his wife was taken

sick. Though both escaped death, yet they were debilitated to the last degree. His congregation brought him no dues, and his wants became more pressing.

With eyes bedimmed with weeping, the wife arose not long after, in the morning, and gazed upon the empty porringer in which she was accustomed to prepare the pastor's breakfast.

"Our cow is now sick," she said, and it seemed as if a smile hovered about her pale lips.

"Our child is still well," he replied, bending over the cradle, "and the water in the brook is clear and sweet again."

The tears long withheld, at last streamed from her eyes, and she cast herself with violence upon the bed.

"How, has the brook the fever? is it poisoned?" cried her husband.

"I could bear it no longer," she answered, sobbing. "I have written to my father."

"To your father!"

The word father sounded from his lips as if the man of whom he spoke had been no father to her, and he walked hastily up and down the chamber.

"Should we starve, then?" she continued, her voice interrupted by sobs. "If he knew our misery—if he beheld it once, but once, with his own eyes!—even my step-mother would have compassion. Look, Gotthelf, when he thrust us over his threshold, perhaps he did not mean it so cruelly. He gives a bounty to a seaman who broke his leg in his service."

She spoke slowly, and paused at intervals, expecting that the pastor would interrupt her. He did not utter a word, however, until he was on the point of leaving the house.

"I desire that bounty which comes from God, and from no one else!" he cried in momentary anger.

Misery, sickness, want, had been for a long while inmates of the house. Discord now entered it. They sat morning and evening at their meagre fare without uttering a word, without exchanging a glance. The wintry storm which howled down the chimney, and the crying of their child, these were the only sounds in the desolate dwelling.

The pastor's wife stepped every evening upon the threshold when the carrier from the city passed by, but no letter came for her. She stole back in silence to her chamber, and avoided her husband's glances. They burned no light.

On the following morning the child coughed, and its eyes were red and inflamed. Its frail body trembled when it was touched, and its brow and cheeks were burning hot. The parents watched by turns at its cradle; it grew evidently worse.

"Is your heart touched at last?" she cried, as if in cold mockery, which but ill concealed her inward despair.

It was touched—keenly touched. He wrapped his cloak about him, and rode through storm and wind to fetch a doctor from the distant city.

The animal turned the corner as he was accustomed, and stopped before the shop where the pastor usually purchased such supplies as he needed. It was long since he had called here. Somewhat confused, he was about to urge the beast onward, when the shop-keeper knocked with his brown apron against the window, and then raised the sash.

"Well met, my good pastor. Your account is drawn up, and the balance due for five quarters. If you bring us the money, you come just at the right time; otherwise I have given my lawyer directions about the execution."

"Is not your good wife at home?"

"Dead, dead, good sir, just at the right time! Her indulgence would have burdened the whole neighborhood upon my shoulders. Dead, just at the right time. I can give you no more credit, no longer respite. If all the world will be inundated, and struck with hail, and have the fever, why, I can close my shop and live honestly upon my earnings."

"Your worthy wife was a good!"—

"I know what she was. I paid seven hard dollars for her funeral sermon, and I do not care to hear anything more about it. But I must have my money to the last penny; and that you may prepare yourself, I tell you that everything is in train, and the bailiff will knock at your door day after to-morrow. If you are ready to pay to-day, my shop will be open till half past ten, and I will then recall the execution."

The sash was lowered, and the pastor rode on to the doctor's. The latter had just uncorked a bottle of wine as the pastor sent in word that he desired to speak with him.

"That is nothing of consequence," said the doctor, as he stood in the hall with a napkin in his hand, "nothing but a catarrh. Give the child some liquorice, and the cough will mend."

"My good sir, I have not ridden three German miles for mere liquorice."

The doctor picked his teeth, and looked with a shudder upon the storm without, while the father, with anxious minuteness, described the illness of his child.

"A mere infant's ailment."

"Infants, doctor, are God's creatures as well as men."

"Certainly, certainly; but they get along with sickness much more easily. I will prescribe something for you."

"Doctor, you have not seen the little sufferer. I am not one of the profession, but a layman. I may have described the symptoms erroneously. What you prescribe may be poison."

"Pastor, the child is in God's hand, and man's eye and man's arm cannot see and grasp everything."

"But two stout, active horses neigh in your stable yonder, and you yourself are a hale and hearty man."

"I should not be so long were I to ride in such a night across the heath."

"I have ridden hither in this thin cloak."

"True, that would not prevent me. But you, who preach the Word of God, which must also be the word of reason, can you expect me, for the sake of a child a few months old, to neglect a score or two of my old patients? Each one of these knows what his ailment is, and can answer distinctly to my questions. I am acquainted with their diseases, and God has placed their health, I may say their lives, in my hand. I must answer for them. Your child is scarcely yet numbered in the list of the living. Our art has as yet nothing to do with it; it is all chance, and a child is as specially in God's hand as one yet unborn. Are you willing, then, to take the responsibility, if I am called this night to three or four patients whom my skill might perhaps save—are you willing to answer for it, if for the sake of a child, I should absent myself for thirty hours from the sphere to which I am in duty bound? If you will—if you can ask this with a clear conscience, I will go with you."

The pastor made no reply. After a few moments, he received a prescription from the doctor, who promised to stop at his house the following Monday, when making his visits through the country.

The apothecary, with pestle and mortar, pulverised the prescribed powder. Every

stroke of the pestle fell heavily upon the heart of the impatient father. He could not read the newspaper which the former had placed before him; the letters swam before his eyes. And still one article fixed his attention. A father, rich in the goods of fortune and in the world's esteem, whose rank was as lofty and whose name was as proud as his own were low and humble, had, by malicious hands, been robbed of his only child. The rich man begged for aid in the journals of all countries; he offered a large reward, and appealed to all kind-hearted men to help him to regain his child. And it was, perhaps, too late!

"Heaven grant that he may find aid!" said the apothecary, as he reached the packet to the pastor.

He now wished to return home in haste, and in his anxiety forgot that the street from the apothecary's to the city gate led him by the door of a house which he always avoided. It was a handsome, stately building, with colored pillars and marble steps. Wood and stone evinced that cleanliness which is only to be found in Holland. The large clear window panes and bronzed knocker upon the door seemed to dread the approach of soiled fingers. He rode by with a beating heart, when again he heard a tap upon the window.

A well-powdered head and round face looked out and cried, "Wait a moment!"

He waited. The window was thrown up, the powdered head appeared again, shining in the beams of the setting sun, and wearing an expression of complete repose, while a large hand threw towards him a sealed letter. "I receive no letters from beggars; tell that at home."

The pastor picked up the letter, and the window was pulled violently down. The face disappeared. It seemed as if the cold evening air had poured out all its chilliness over the large stone building.

Yesternight had been clear, starlight, as the poor pastor rode home, pondering upon the threat of the shop-keeper, with the powder of the conscientious doctor, and the sealed letter of the hard-hearted father in his pocket.

His weary beast stopped at the well known inn; he was obliged to urge it forcibly onward; the apothecary had received his last shilling. He beguiled away his hunger and fatigue by singing a devout hymn, which he repeated at intervals, until the steeple of his church arose before him in the grey dawn.

The door of his house was not locked; no man, no maid welcomed him. He found his poor wife above stairs, exhausted by a night's watching, lying upon the floor near the cradle. Her head alone rested upon the footstool. Approaching death stood written upon the child's forehead. She did not speak; she scarcely pressed the hand which he offered to her. She would not listen to consolation. "It is impossible to be more wretched!" she said.

"And still, Christine," he replied, "we might have expected our misfortunes. We might have been prepared for them for some weeks; they do not descend upon us like lightning from a cloudless sky. When in the city, I read of a father who was still more unfortunate than we are. He was a rich lord, whom wicked men had robbed of his only son. The child had disappeared with his nurse, leaving not a trace by which he might be found, and with him vanished the joy and peace of a noble family. Our child, if he dies, will be taken from us by one whose will is not to be gainsayed. He will not be exposed to the corrupting influence of vice. He will part from us pure as we received him. This poor boy, whose tender infancy was rocked upon a bed of down, whose soft cheeks no rough breeze might visit, is dragged away by people who before this scarcely ventured to raise their eyes to him. They beat him when he cries. If he is thirsty, they will give him brandy; they will wrap his tender limbs in filthy rags; they will besmear his face with grease and soot, and make his bed upon foul straw in a damp cellar. Christine, the father will find his child dead, perhaps, from misery and want; perhaps some ruth-

less hand—nay, a still worse fate may await him. When Providence has suffered years to roll away, he may be doubly lost; instead of his innocent boy, the father may find a wretch, an outcast of humanity."

The poor woman had to-day no feeling for another's woe. With a motion of her hand, she waved the comforter away.

The pastor now prepared the powder for his child. He had brought home nothing for his wife, nothing.

"Nothing!" she said, and her glazed eye fell upon the breast-pocket of his now unbuttoned overcoat.

"There is something!" she cried, as she held the letter, her letter, her unsealed letter to her hard-hearted father, in her hands. In silence she read the superscription again and again, as if she could not trust her eyes. She then wept, and screamed, and laughed, and crushed it in her hands.

"Thou art not only a daughter merely; thou art a mother also," said her husband, pointing with an earnest glance towards the cradle.

"I am no longer a daughter!" answered the unhappy woman; "I am no longer a mother!"

He now, for the first time, beheld the words upon the envelope: "I have a daughter no longer. If she will leave her beggarly parson, she may find a place as maid in my kitchen!"

"Why did I follow thee!" she cried, unconscious of herself. The pastor trembled, and since that moment he has not exchanged a word with his lost wife.

(To be continued.)

HOPE.

CHILD of fair promise, gloriously bright,
Girt with the dazzling hues of light and love,
That, like a smiling angel from above,
Dost scatter radiance o'er the paths of night,
Winning us, by the magic of thy might,
To tread those realms where gleamest thou afar,
The beacon of man's course, his guiding star!

If he should find, when he hath gain'd the height,
'Twas but a meteor lured him, and that grief
And weariness reward his straining toil,
That barrenness eats up the corrupt soil,—
Still blissful was the dream, tho' sadly brief;
He finds his joy, when fruitless is the race,
Was in the panting glory of the chase.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR THROUGH PART OF SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.

(Concluded.)

DUBLIN.—Here we are, safe in the metropolis of Ireland, amused and delighted with the beauty of the country, the fertility of the soil, the exuberance of the crops, and the unequivocal demonstrations of prosperity manifest on every side.

Dublin is situated upon a plain, and intersected by the river Liffy. It is a magnificent city, far more splendid than any in Great Britain, excepting London. We had heard much of the grandeur of its public buildings and the general beauty of the city, but both exceeded our expectations. It seemed a curious thing, that so large and splendid a city should be maintained by so small an extent of manufactures and so limited a commerce, and still more curious that the dissolution of her Parliament, the departure of her sceptre, and the voluntary exilement of her nobles, should have left the means of upholding the capital in so much magnificence. Spacious streets and squares, lofty private mansions, a throng of inhabitants, shops filled with goods, and customers, too; the environs presenting fine buildings, with gardens, green-houses, pleasure-grounds, and lawns, in the finest order and beauty, all indicating *opulence*, not *poverty*. No poor man builds a hot-house, or plants a shrubbery. Party spirit may clamor, and religious zeal burn hot, yet no man can travel 150 miles in Ireland, and reach the capital, without being perfectly satisfied that she has no just claim to poverty, especially the northern part, either abstractly or relatively. That there are many poor people is true enough, and so there are in all countries.

Dublin Castle, called generally, by way of distinction, *the Castle*, was the first point to which we directed our attention. Crossing one of the bridges thrown over the Liffy at this point, with a map of Dublin in our hand, for we do like a little independence, especially in a country where there is none, and passing up Westmoreland street to College Green, we came to Dame street, at the head of which, upon a hillock, stands the Castle, the town residence of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. There is nothing but the name about this edifice to indicate a castle. It is a quadrangular

building, with an open courtyard in the centre, built of brick, two stories high, and without one point of architectural beauty. The whole is plain as a stable, and if one did not know it was the seat of government and the residence of the Court, would be taken for soldiers' barracks. Returning towards the river, we had a fine view of the University, an extensive building. Nearly opposite, fronting College Green, stands the National Bank, the once proud seat of the Irish Parliament. Through the kindness of a friend we were permitted to examine the interior of this noble building. The part which was occupied by the House of Lords is still preserved as it was previous to the Act of Union. The other apartments are fitted and appropriated to accommodate the banking establishment. The edifice is upon the grandest scale of magnificence.

We continued our walk upon the southern bank of the Liffy until we reached the bridge of George the Fourth; crossing which, we found ourselves near the entrance of Phoenix Park, to the front of which we were directing our steps. We inquired the distance through the Park, and were informed it was seven miles, and that there was to be a review of the troops that afternoon.

Fatigued with a long walk, and desirous of seeing everything worth seeing, we chartered a jaunting-car. Let no man who thinks of ever visiting Ireland despise a jaunting-car, for he will surely find it a substitute for an omnibus, hackney coach, cab, and every other mode of conveyance that he ever heard of, or ever will hear of. The day was remarkably fine, the air fresh and balmy, and the sun tempered his heat to enhance our enjoyment. As we jaunted along the beautiful park, we passed upon our right the Vice Regal Lodge, the summer residence of the Lord Lieutenant, with a southern aspect and a fine view, the mountains of Wicklow rising gently in the distance—a place where one would think his lordship might make himself very comfortable, if the weight of the Irish government press not too heavily upon his shoulders. We were soon jaunted into the centre of the park,

surrounded by large bodies of troops, manœuvring in all directions. There were few spectators. In London, tens of thousands would have been collected upon a similar occasion. Perhaps not, if the sceptre of England were in the hands of Ireland, and a Vice Regent from Dublin swayed the destinies of England. We fancied we could see the harp of Erin hanging upon the willows.

So soon as the Irish army, consisting of artillery, cavalry, and foot (Scotch, English, and Irish), was formed, and commenced marching, we took our stand directly opposite the Lord Lieutenant and his staff. The troops were all in the highest possible order, perfectly equipped, disciplined, and appointed, presenting a spectacle of military splendor as gratifying as it was unexpected.

A curious circumstance arrested our notice. There were herds of deer feeding in different parts of the park, but we remarked one in particular, a fine dun-colored buck, playing familiarly in the midst of the Highland regiment, some time before the troops were formed for review. We spoke to the driver: "How tame that buck is. It is most extraordinary that he should remain one moment in the midst of the troops." "Truly, your honor, he always follows the Highland regiment." We thought the driver was planting a little Irish upon our credulity. The regiment marched off, and the buck with it, and took its position previous to the review. Soon after the review commenced, the Highland regiment came up in its turn, and there was the buck, sure enough, with his head up, and his wide-spread antlers nodding to the melody of the music which surrounded him. As the band of music attached to each regiment wheeled off as it came abreast of the Vice Regent, until the regiment had passed, and then fell into the rear, the buck wheeled too, which brought him alongside of our car, so that we could put our hand upon him, and there he stood licking one of the instruments upon which the musicians were playing. When the regiment had passed, the buck fell into the rear with the band of music, and marched off the field in the most gallant and majestic style.

The following day we visited the Linen Hall, the great mart for the staple manufacture

of Ireland. It is of vast extent, occupying a space of nearly three acres, and containing 557 rooms.

The Law Courts, generally called the Four Courts, is a splendid building, and viewed from the quay on the south side of the river, has a most imposing effect. We do not know of any building in Europe, for the accommodation of the law department of government, that bears any comparison with this noble edifice. It was constructed at an expense of a million of dollars, and therefore ought to make some show for the money. The design, the architecture, and the situation all combine to give effect, and the object is not lost. The Court of Chancery, Kings Bench, Common Pleas, Exchequer, Rolls, Hanaper, Remembrance, &c., &c., all have ample accommodation, and the concentration of the various departments of the law gives great facilities to business. It is a law emporium, a national magazine of right and wrong.

The Royal Exchange, Post Office, and Custom-house are all of the first order, and by no means in keeping with the limited extent of the commerce of the city. The trade of Dublin is a coasting trade. These superb buildings would betray the mind into a belief that Dublin embraces half the commerce of the globe.

We proceeded next to Kildare street, in which is situated the Royal Dublin Society. The building occupied by the society, formerly the palace of the Duke of Leicester, is a beautiful edifice, with a spacious court-yard. Although not a regular day for the admission of the public, yet, being strangers, we were permitted to view the library, chemical theatre and laboratory, museum of natural curiosities, &c., &c., with the whole of which, and the arrangement, order, cleanliness, and civility, we were highly gratified.

The whole of this day was spent in the south-east quarter of Dublin, and nothing that we saw gave us so high an idea of the opulence of this magnificent city as the objects presented to our view during this day's wanderings. But we must take leave of Ireland, not without indulging the hope of seizing an opportunity, at some future period, of visiting the south and west of this most interesting, abused country.

J. S.

THOUGHTS ON THE NEW YEAR'S DAY.

BY C. W. B.

It is a strange and solemn thing to stand
Where Past and Future meet, and gaze upon
The clouds which cover that mysterious land
Whose light and darkness are alike unknown ;
And then to look upon the moments flown
Beyond our reach, whose hopes and joys are sped,
Whose hours of gladness are for ever gone,
While o'er the path through which our steps were led
We view the hallowed spot where we have laid our dead

Yet it is well to pause awhile, and count
The mingled joys and sorrows of the Past ;
And stand like Moses, who from Pisgah's mount
Upon the Promised Land a glance could cast,
Knowing that storm and tempest cannot last
Beyond the will of Him whose steady hand
Guides us thro' life to glories unsurpass'd,
To bliss that mortals cannot understand,
And to that day which dawns upon the Better Land.

What joys unsought, what sufferings unimproved,
What blessings undeserved, what gifts abused !
What showers of mercy on my heart unmoved !
What hours of grace unprofited, misused !
How oft my wandering spirit has refused
To hear the whispers of that still small voice
That offered gifts more plenteously diffused,
And hopes more bright, the guerdons of that choice
Which seeks in higher worlds for more enduring joys !

What have I done, my God, that on my path
Blessings so numberless should still be spent,
Till it doth seem that all thy mercy hath
In store for others is unto me lent ;
Though I, a sinful worm, so oft have blent
E'en with devotion, sin and misery,
While hours of grace, unheeded, came and went,
And oft in wonder have I cried to thee :
" What have I done, my God, that thou dost such to me ! "

THE TWO NEIGHBORS.

BY A. O. S.

THERE were no pleasanter abodes in the little New England village of Woodhill, than two which lay, as they should, morally speaking, opposite each other, in the centre of this quiet little town. 'Tis true, both had not the same attractions, and yet the stranger, as he loitered by, involuntarily paused a moment to imbibe the sweet images of rural beauty and comfort they both awakened in his mind; and it would not be strange, as he passed the neat, but somewhat time-worn, dwelling of farmer Howell, if he should covet still another glance at the sunny-browed and rosy-cheeked damsel who sat at the open window of a bright summer's afternoon, busily plying her needle, or perhaps braiding a straw hat for the little brother, who, meanwhile, read aloud, as was the custom in this time-saving community, subject to his sister's correction, some useful and instructive book. There was a quiet aspect of contentment and peace in the little maiden's eye, as she thoughtfully raised it, while the passer's foot trod lightly the green sward before the gate, and then let it fall again tranquilly on her work, which gave a fresher charm to the pleasant domicile of which she was the pride and blessing, and which suited well its general air of snug repose. The house stood at a short distance from the street, and was partially concealed by the sweeping foliage of two venerable elms; the smooth, grassy lawn which partly surrounded it was dotted with shrubbery and fruit trees, which gave full promise of good things to come; while in the rear lay a well-arranged garden, which it was Susan's especial province to superintend. The air of perfect neatness in the front was in keeping with the premises in the rear; barns and outbuildings always in repair; everything betokening that honest farmer Howell was well to do in the world, and meant to keep so. And so he had been, till unfortunately at the period this little sketch of my old neighbors commences. His happy household were thrown somewhat out of their calm routine of life, by the tidings of the elder son's bankruptcy in New York, and the consequent loss of their comfortable homestead, which the rather ambi-

tious father had given as security to his son's partner for large amounts advanced to him. After the first bursts of grief had subsided, that the home which had descended to him from his fathers must now go into stranger's hands, the good man submissively bowed to his allotment, and looking about for the future, thanked Heaven that no greater trouble had befallen him.

Within doors you could perceive no diminution of activity or cheerful bustle. The old grandmother brought her chair a trifle nearer to the window, to aid the sight, which a few natural tears had dimmed, in decyphering more readily the blessed pages which had been her guide, and was "*his*" before her, to the other land; while good, bustling Mrs. Howell, having just dispensed with her "help," was up to her elbows in the numerous duties now devolving upon her—but not unaided, for, with the same placid brow, which bespoke, as ever, the cheerful, loving heart, her only daughter now more than ever busied herself, as occasion prompted, in every little menial office which could lighten her mother's heavy cares, esteeming every duty a delight in such a service. How thankful now was this worthy matron that she had trained her child to every species of domestic effort, and that each day she had demanded of her the performance of those active efforts, which would inure her to any destiny, however arduous, that might await her. Susan Howell had never known what it was to while away the listless hours in idleness; every day had its duties, and every hour was met by its fulfilment. No small part of the household linen was the product of her loom. She spun the stocking yarn, and helped her grandmother to knit it, braided her own and the straw hats for the family, raised the chickens, cultivated the finest flowers with all the zeal of an amateur, assisted in raising vegetables to send to the nearest market town, surpassed her mother in the mysteries of the pastry and pudding line; and when to these, and other accomplishments too numerous to mention, we add that she found time at home or at school for the study of ancient and

modern history, mathematics, and all the branches of a good English education, with no mean acquaintance with French and Latin, we may well say that Susan H. had no idle, and consequently no dull hours. Her wise father had assured her that in cultivating her mind she was laying up resources not only for her future happiness, but fitting herself for a higher position than a mere mistress of the useful and homely acts, to take her place one day among the matrons of the land, to cast her weight into the balance for the best good of the community where she might dwell. Does my reader ask, and how did she accomplish so much, and still preserve the rose of health and the sunny smile of a light heart? We answer, by paying due deference to the wise adage, "take care of the minutes and the hours will take care of themselves," and by acquiring *habits* which made employment natural to her, often saving half her time by an early and systematic arrangement of the whole.

So lightly and so gaily had time bore her on to her nineteenth summer, that Susan had scarcely time to dream her childhood had passed away, till awakened to the more serious cares of life by her father's misfortunes. As these cares now fell more heavily upon her, she bestirred herself to greater diligence, and resolutely denied herself her prolonged enjoyment of her books and flowers, and time gleaned from them she found fully adequate to other emergencies. It was well, perhaps, she had no time for personal regrets, or she might have missed the visits she had begun to anticipate of the newly arrived young physician, who, somehow, had discovered the vine-clad portico at farmer Howell's at once the brightest and shadiest resort of an evening which the village of Woodhill afforded. We read not men's motives, gentle reader, but, for some reason, when the autumn frosts had begun to rob the little porch of its drapery, the visits, which had been gradually less frequent, ceased altogether, and in the abundance of occupation Susan soon forgot she had one pleasure the less.

Not long after farmer Howell had resolved his anxious cogitations into the decision, when the crops were in to set off with Susan to provide a home in the far off land of prairies and fair promises, preparatory to the removal of his family there, little Willie ran in from school one day with the exclamation, "Did you know, Sue, that 'tis all

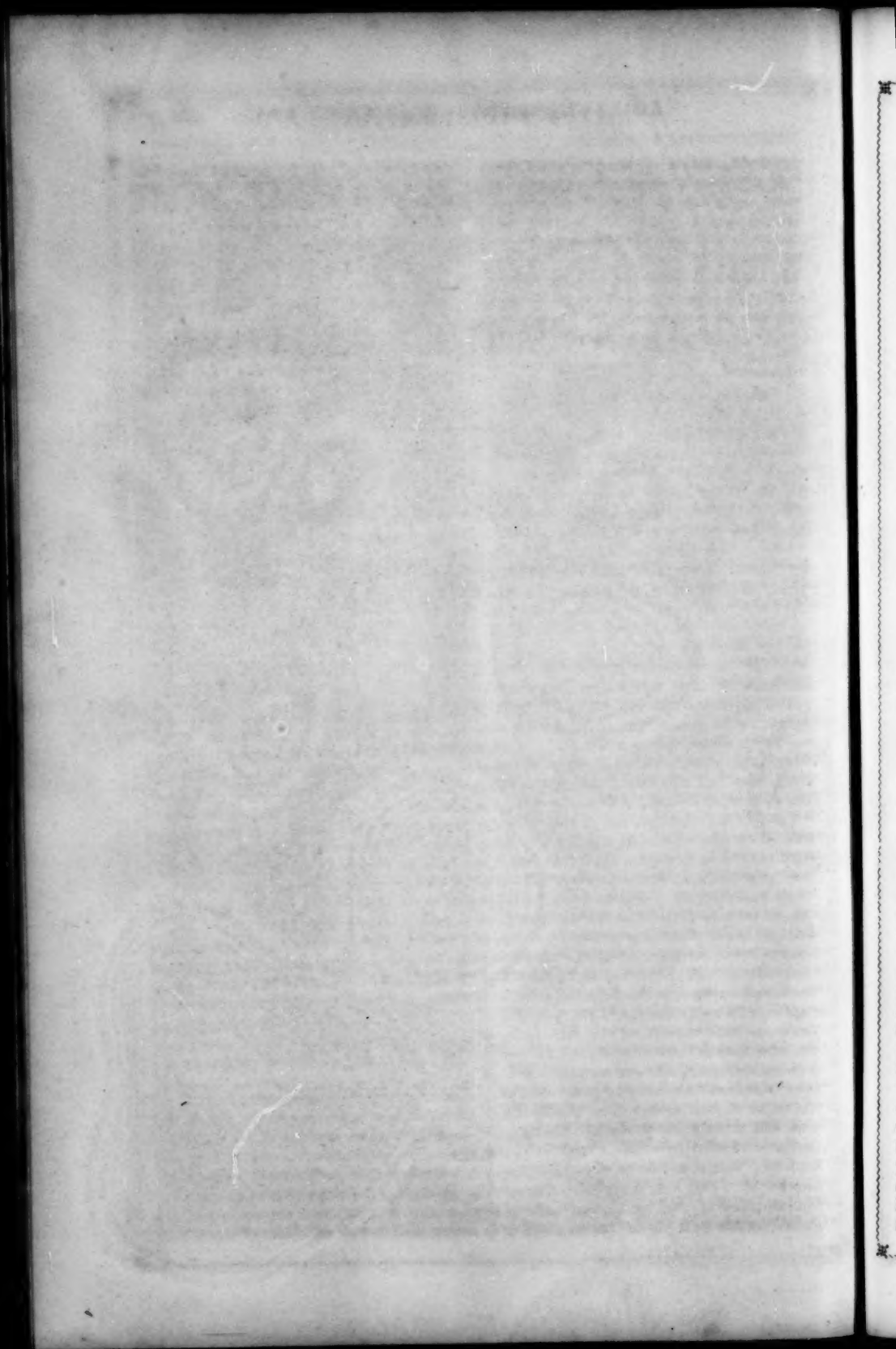
settled, and Peggy Carson is going to marry Dr. Brooks?" Mrs. Carson told Mrs. Armstrong, as I just heard Mrs. Armstrong tell Miss Jewett on the cross-walk, and they say they're all mightily tickled about it. Eh! there'll be more show than substance, he'll find, I guess, when he gets her; and this is the reason, I suppose, they've both quit here." Mrs. Howell involuntarily turned her keen eye on her daughter, but was abundantly reassured, as, displaying two snowy rows of pearls, Susan laughingly reproved her brother, and told him 'twas the fashion, she had heard, for lovers to be exclusive. "Ah, Sue," rejoined the urchin, "you needn't pretend you don't *know* as much about that as Peg Carson. You've had more beaux already than you could shake a stick at—one to every ten of 'ern." "Hern!" gravely repeated Susan. "Well, if it aint grammar, it's all truth, and not all the truth either, for there isn't a man deserves you anywhere; besides, I want you myself;" and with a rough squeeze, which would have sadly discomposed a fashionable lady, the rude but loving boy covered her rosy face with kisses. But it is time we look in at neighbor Carson's.

Holding up its head a little higher than any of its fellows, with not quite the cool, shaded, homelike appearance of the farmer's opposite, stood the more pretending new white house of James Carson, and by its side, half hid by trees, was "the store," next to the "meeting-house and tavern" the most important edifice in the place. The house had a comfortable and inviting appearance, or the hand of taste could soon have made it so; and to make it the biggest and showiest in Woodhill had James Carson toiled and drudged for more than twenty years, and great indeed was the satisfaction of both mother and daughter when, two years before its completion, they emerged from the "old hole," as Mrs. C. elegantly termed her late residence, to take possession.

Of course, "the store" was the *omnium gatherum* of all the humbler wants of life; but to Miss Peggy's view, its greatest advantage was that here she could have her first selection of chintzes and ribbons, for the adornment of her pretty person and the out-rivalling of all her female acquaintance. Like Susan Howell, she was an only daughter, and when she should have been at school, sowing the seeds for a future harvest of sense and virtue, or learning lessons of domestic economy from her hard-working but mis-



Snow Drop—*Galanthus nivalis*



judging mother, she might be seen by all the village gossips, who daily congregated on the bench before the door, rummaging the boxes and drawers for something new and pretty to wear, and not seldom placing herself before the little mirror at the back of the shop, to see how they became her; or cramming herself with dried fruits and sugar plums, to which she had always free access. In due time, when her father's gains had increased, he sent her for a year to a boarding school; at the expiration of which time, her education completed, he procured her a second-hand piano, on which she practised the little music she had learned at school. Thus prepared for the duties of life, the weak mother already saw in perspective the "right sort of match" for her daughter. A "professional young man he must be," she whispered when the more common sense father was not by; "none of your farmers or shopkeepers, but a gentleman!" to which, nothing loath, the young lady consented, but partially concealing, however, to what extent she had acted on these suggestions, in a growing contempt for her father not only, but for the mother who had taught her to despise him. The months wore away, and Peggy Carson congratulated herself she had not sent to N. S. in vain for the French hat and mode dress on the arrival of Dr. Brooks, although for some weeks mighty events wavered in the scale, as every effort to entice him from across the street proved ineffectual. The day, however, which frowned adversely on farmer Howell spoke hope to the Carsons, and the summer wore away with promise of the envied tidings they hoped to announce by early autumn, which announcement has already come before our readers. In prospect of the merry wedding-day, we leave the happy, because envied, Carsons, while we pass over the few succeeding years and look in again upon our friends, the Howells, once more in prosperous circumstances, with losses fully retrieved, and prospects none the less joyous for their past hopeful endurance of calamities and privations. Five years of toil and hardship, during part of which time Susan had undertaken the onerous charge of a large school in a neighboring town, had given an air of deeper meaning to her fine countenance, but had robbed it of no youthful grace, or traced one wrinkle on her snowy brow. She was in the full prime of her loveliness, the idol of a large circle of friends, and the next day to become the wife

of a man whose distinguished talents and estimable character have since ranked him among the most influential of our western men.

A touching scene was that which the soft burning lamp presented to us the evening of our return to the Howells. Time had neither diminished or greatly changed the worthy group; all were assembled around the cheerful ingle, father, mother, the old grandmother, and brother, all enjoying together for the last time, in the spacious parlor of their new frame-house, the satisfaction of feeling it was their united exertions which had afforded to their parents so pleasant and comfortable a home, but all saddened by the thought that the first separation was now to take place. It was almost too trying for poor Susan when her father drew her, as in childhood, to him; and while the big tears chased each other down his cheek, he said in a low tone, and struggling to compose himself, "'Tis very, very hard to give up my Susan, my only one." Then, seeing how ill she could bear it, he turned to Mr. F., and blessing them both, thanked God that their mutual prospects were so promising, while the answering tear which glistened in the fine eye of his son-in-law seemed both manly and appropriate. And most fully, in all after life did the latter make good the promise of his life's devotion to the best good of the treasured gift; and, we may add, never, among the great or the gay, where their lot was cast, did the proud and happy husband have occasion to blush for the modest farmer's daughter, whose well improved, but moderate intellectual advantages, had well fitted her for the highest circles of our country, where mind competes with mind, and whose lovely and gentle feminine graces have enlisted all hearts in her favor.

On the morning following, as a carriage waited at the door to convey them a part of the way on their journey to W., our old friend Willie, now a noble, manly fellow, announced a letter from Woodhill, which, among other news, mentioned the confirmed intemperate habits of Dr. Brooks, the not uncommon result of habits of extravagance, which had already made great inroads on the property of his father-in-law, who found too late, in the idle and worthless character of his daughter, that most surely as "the twig is bent the tree's inclined," and that, to make home happy or prosperous, a woman must be educated for that purpose in habits of usefulness and industry, and to untiring efforts of moral and

intellectual culture. An utter ignorance of all domestic duties, the ministering to her vanity in every foolish expenditure for dress and display, contempt for inferiors, and a servile imitation of the more wealthy and great, rendered Mrs. B. sufficiently unpopular among her neighbors, and her home eventually too unattractive to her husband to lure him away from his gay and idle companions. And is it strange that the habits thus induced, from

which he never recovered, should ultimately bring disgrace and ruin not only on himself, but on the family with which he was connected; so certain is it that "as a man soweth so shall he reap," and that "pride which dines on vanity shall sup on contempt;" while as surely will "God help them that help themselves," and "honest industry," as poor Richard further adds, "give comfort, and plenty, and respect."

MOUNTAIN HYMN.

BY H. J. WOODMAN.

I hear thy voice upon the mountain height,
God of the summer wind!
Far down the valley sweeps a flood of light
Full, brilliant, unconfined,
Bathing all Nature in its golden gleams
And dazzlingly reflected from the streams.

The Indian's simple faith in olden days
Raised on the mountain peak,
Altars to thee, and with the voice of praise,
Bade the rude echoes speak
Of the Great Spirit and the hunting land
Where their brave sires are met—a mighty band!

And well he loved these bells of azure hue
So thickly strewed around;
These chalices that drink the mountain dew,
And hear the solemn sound
When the trees bend before the lightning's play,
And the fierce thunder rolls in wrath away.

Like these frail, yielding flowers, oh may I learn
To bow before the blast,
And heaven-ward still my unveiled eye to turn
When the dread-storm hath passed.
And may I feel that I, like them, am kept
By Him whose watchful eye hath never slept!

I love the scent of these dark mountain pines,
Thine incense from the hills;
Stronger and sweeter as the day declines;
And eve her dew distills.
Lord, with all Nature's offering, hear from me
This hymn of praise unworthy though it be.

YESTERDAY.

Every morning the child wakes with a feeling of innocence, and believes himself justified for all his faults as soon as he has said, "It was yesterday."

It was yesterday! I again repeated as I read this; but, alas! *this* is no quietus to one of many years, for the soul of the innocent child, which has expanded as time has rolled on, and now become aged, contains an inmate unknown in the days of his youth. It is *remorse*; it is the language of "Oh! that yesterday were not!" for even while adoring gratitude for pardoned sin may sustain the spirit, he is still in a world where his sins are not blotted out, and himself not yet freed from the remembrance of them.

It was yesterday! The whole past of our meteor lives is but yesterday, and whose heart does not almost burst at times as the memory of days comes rolling back with its dread array of sins and follies, often piercing anew wounds which repentance and time may

have long closed? We cannot, we would not, shut out the sight, for conscience strangely impels us to gaze upon the vision; and while the past would let fall a pall upon the future, and we become the prey of remorse, the day-star of hope and redemption penetrates the thickest gloom, illumines the unknown future with its bright beam, and mildly casts its shadowy ray on all that has gone!

It was yesterday! Sweet child, may the lisping of thy gentle voice never syllable forth the remembrance of yesterday in more bitter tones; may the guardians of thy destiny breathe to thee of the dangers that beset thee, pray for thee, and guide thee to Him who alone can keep thine erring feet from falling; and when the years of thy pilgrimage are numbered in review, mayst thou

"Better 'reck the reed
Than ever did the adviser."

...

PERGAMUS.

(SEE PLATE.)

PERGAMUS, a city of Troas, was a very considerable place in the time of John the Evangelist. It was the seat of one of the Seven Churches of Asia. This church early became corrupted by the Nicolaitans, for which it was reproved by St. John, and charged quickly to repent.—*Rev. 2: 14-16.*

Pergamus, now called Bergamo, like most other places which have been cursed by the presence of the Turks, is reduced to compara-

tive decay. It contains a poor population, who are too indolent or oppressed to profit by the richness of their soil and the beauty of the climate. The number of inhabitants, however, is still said to amount to thirty thousand, of whom three thousand are Greek Christians. Many remains of former magnificence are still to be found, amongst which are the remains of several Christian churches. It is about sixty miles north of Smyrna.

CHARACTER OF JEZABEL, QUEEN OF ISRAEL.

BY MRS. M. E. DOUBLEDAY.

THE name of Jezabel has descended as the most opprobrious epithet which can be applied to a woman. Little did the proud and haughty queen who bore it imagine what an offence and reproach it would become to future ages, to unknown lands, and to unborn nations. Well had it been for her memory had her life been recorded by a less impartial pen than that of the inspired historian. Modern writers have more successfully treated the characters of those who, like Jezabel, have distinguished themselves by resisting the truth and by persecuting those who embrace it. Such would have told us of her beauty, her talents, her high descent, her womanly grace, her queenly dignity, her fond remembrance of her native land, her deep devotion to the poetic and captivating worship of her childhood. We should have heard of the high spirit with which she stimulated her husband, the courage and energy with which she sustained him, the wise and judicious policy by which she guided him.

A little coloring from the imagination, a bold denial of uncomfortable though well accredited facts, sufficient extenuation and palliation of the darker features of her character, a delicious blending of the sunlight of admiration with the rose-colored hues of sentiment and romance, had transformed Jezabel, the cruel, unholy, vile idolatress, into a model of feminine loveliness, the patroness of taste, liberality and refinement, opposed and persecuted by narrow-minded bigots, intolerant and superstitious fanatics.

The worship of Syria, the most corrupt and the most fascinating of all the varied systems of ancient heathenism, with its groves and altars, its music and sculpture, the encouragement it gave to the fine arts, the charms it offered to the imagination, and the softening, refining influences ever claimed for such systems, would have been glowingly contrasted with the rigid ceremonial, the strict requirements, the contracted spirit, and the mystical worship of the temple; and the name at the memory of the Queen of Israel, have been so treated that, although we feel that there was something to pity, we could

hardly blame when there was so much to admire.

The altars Jezabel erected have long since crumbled into dust. The priests who flattered and obeyed her have perished, and left no memorial. Not one stone of her palace is to be found in that vast and beautiful plain, which was enriched with her blood. The record of Holy Writ alone perpetuates her remembrance. By a few strokes of the pen, a few touches of the pencil, she has been faithfully and fully delineated, and she now stands in bold relief before us. We seem still to see her flashing eye, her regal gait, her haughty demeanor, and all the workings of pride and craft, of voluptuousness and ambition on her dark Asiatic brow, and on her faded but still beautiful features.

Talented and ambitious, artful, cruel, and licentious, guilty of crimes which excite our abhorrence, possessing qualities which compel our admiration, such was Jezabel, as the historian of Israel has described her. And how sublime is the strict verity of the Word of God, and its duration, as contrasted with the days or the works of man. Israel has long since vanished from the nations of the earth, and the people of Ahab, still sought, are not to be found. Judah is a people scattered and peeled; but Jezebel and Elijah, Ahab and Naboth, are still with us, living, breathing, speaking. We bow before the stern prophet; we despise the weak and vicious king, and turn from the impious and hardened queen to Naboth, as he confronted his false accusers, and invoked the justice of heaven, when he met his doom, and stained with his blood the spot which was hereafter to drink that of his destroyers. The religious creed of the Israelites ("Hear, oh! Israel, the Lord thy God is but one God,") was the great bond of their national union. There was but one altar for the appointed worship of the nation. As one people, the tribes were to assemble together at the place where the Lord had put his name, and there unite in sacrifice and adoration. With great wisdom every regulation had been made at once to separate the people of Israel from the surrounding heathen, and to unite them as brethren.

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She brought to the throne of Israel all the predilections of early life; and superstition, inclination, policy, and ambition, all urged her to establish the worship of Baal, and to exterminate the religion of Jehovah. Thus she was admirably formed to promote the designs

and policy of her husband, while she possessed all the constancy, energy, and power which belong to minds of a high order, which lead to greatness, and which fit for crime. She never faltered or hesitated as she pursued her object. She witnessed, unmoved and unawed, miracles of judgment and of mercy. She saw, un pitying, a land consumed by drought, a people perishing from famine; and when the parched earth drank the shower from heaven, although she rejoiced, she did not give thanks. When the prophet visited Ahab, the king quailed at his rebuke, and trembled at the denunciations of divine wrath. Jezabel answered his reproof by threats, and her menaces drove Elijah from the altar where he had triumphed. She is indeed the Lady Macbeth of Sacred Writ; bold, daring, resolute, and goading onward in his career of crime her weaker and more timid husband. She was as politic as unscrupulous. She adhered to all the forms of law when she wrought out the ruin and death of Naboth, and took possession of his lands. While she unhesitatingly murdered the prophets of Jehovah, she forgot not man's need of some religion, and she used every art to allure the children of Israel to join in the worship she had introduced. She erected altars on every hill, and her groves resounded with voluptuous music, while the song and the dance attracted the sons and daughters of Israel, until they were fully initiated into all the orgies of Baal and Ashtaroth (the Venus of Syria): and glad to forget or regard as a fable that part of their national history which recorded the punishment of their excesses in former years, they apostatized from Jehovah, and sank into the corruption and debasement of the surrounding heathen. The commands of God are never arbitrary. His laws are always intended to promote the happiness of his creatures. It is only the violation which brings sorrow. The worship which he required, and the laws he gave, were adapted to secure the happiness and promote the well-being of his people; while the idolatry fostered by Jezabel produced a corruption of manners and morals which inevitably led to national ruin. The religion of Baal was most polluting—its rites most corrupt and unholy; and it was the more heaven-daring and heaven-defying, because the children of Israel had been so signally punished when they were allured into the same sins by the daughters of Moab. No human language is

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sufficient; even the energetic denunciations of the prophet seem to fail in expressing the loathing with which the God of purity viewed these licentious rites, and the deep abhorrence of her who thus polluted herself, corrupted her people, and destroyed her nation. Yet many messengers did he send to reprove and admonish the guilty queen, and many miracles of judgment and mercy were wrought to convince and reclaim her and her people; and after he left Jezabel and Ahab to consummate their iniquity, often did he appear to vindicate his name, to cheer the hearts, and to answer the prayers of the few who still trusted and obeyed him. The history of Israel is replete with sad interest. While it shows the certain ruin which follows the corruption of nations, it likewise displays much of the forbearance and mercy of Jehovah. As we retrace his dealings with the house of Ahab and the people of Israel, we are reminded of Him who, ages after, wept over Jerusalem, and exclaimed, "Oh! if thou hadst known in this thy day the things which belong to thy peace! but now are they for ever hid from thy eyes."

An impure and faithless wife, publicly branded by the prophet, yet Jezabel well understood and sedulously practised the arts and blandishments which secure the influence of corrupt and unholy women over weak and unprincipled men, and the story of Naboth fully illustrates her character. "Why is thy spirit so sad?" she said, with the watchful care of a tender wife. "Dost thou govern Israel? Arise and be merry, for I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth, the Israelite." And from the days of Jezabel to these, how many of the acts of the most atrocious wickedness which disgrace the annals of mankind are to be traced to the influence of unholy women! While Jezabel is a true type of the class she represents—of women artful, able, ambitious, and unprincipled—she may with little disadvantage be compared to many of the most celebrated women of ancient and modern days. There are queens, not of barbarous Asia, but of refined and Christian Europe, in whose memories rest even darker stains than those which darken the name of the Queen of Israel. Larger possessions than that of the vineyard of Naboth have been coveted and obtained by perjury and blood, and few modern courts would condemn the principles or the policy by which the monarchs of Israel attempted to consolidate and perpetu-

ate their kingdom. In the estimation of the profane historian, greatness sanctifies crime, and those who fill the high places of this world are regarded as exempt from the requirements and restrictions of the laws of God. In the Word of God his authority is ever paramount; one standard of unerring rectitude is recognized. Jezabel has been weighed in the balance of the sanctuary. She is displayed in the pure light of truth, without any of the bright-reflected tints and softened shadows which would have fallen on her, had she been placed in a modern gallery. Judged by the same rules, she will well compare with others of her rank, and the whole circle of "*illustrious female sovereigns*," with very few exceptions, may rise to meet and welcome her coming, and say unto her, "Thou art indeed one of us." High is the difference between them. She has been already judged according to the word and laws of God. They are awaiting their verdict. A time is rapidly approaching in which the false estimate of this world will be set aside, and the same rules shall be applied to all. The pen of the inspired historian shows us the connection between the crimes of Jezabel and the destruction of her family, and traces the corruption, and dispersion, and national extinction of Israel to the wicked and crafty policy of her rulers. Modern history has not yet been so written; but even the most unob-servant eye is often forced to notice God's retributive justice in his dealings with nations.

Nor do we see the Queen of Israel as she appeared to her contemporaries. The justice of heaven was long delayed, and after the doom of the house of Ahab was sealed, many years were allowed to intervene before the sentence was executed. God had given them up to destruction, and each day drew them nearer their fate; but outward prosperity attended them. The King of Judah acknowledged the independence and sought the alliance of Israel, and the pious Jehoshaphat visited the guilty Ahab, enjoyed the hospitalities of the court of Israel, and probably fascinated by art and beauty, gave his son in marriage to a daughter of that idolatrous house, who seems to have inherited all the wickedness and the talent of her mother, and the captive king of Syria must have done homage to the splendor and grace of her who sat on the throne of Israel. We think of her as bronzed with guilt and stained with shame, a monster

of cruelty. Her own age saw her presiding over a splendid court, encouraging the arts, and by her example and influence introducing a taste for the luxuries and elegancies of Tyre and Sidon among the rustic husbandmen of Israel. We think of her as an old, withered beldam. We forget that she came a youthful princess to share the throne of Israel; that she knew the joys and sorrows of maternity; that children hung upon her breasts, and the fingers of infancy were twined around the hands we view as only blood-stained. She is now held up to contempt and execration. There was doubtless an hour in which poets sang of her, and courtiers flattered her, and warriors did her homage, and statesmen sought her counsel. It is well—well to remember how fleeting is the homage of this world, and how frequently one age reverses the sentence of the preceding.

There is not a more striking passage in the Word of God than that which records the visit of Elijah to the guilty monarch as he returned from his first visit to his ill-got possession. And Ahab conscience-smitten and over-awed trembled and confessed, but neither repented nor restored. While Jezabel seems to have been left as entirely reprobate, and she may have rejoiced in an exemption which proved that for her there remained no more mercy. How often has the tragedy of Naboth been repeated even within a few centuries. How many have been accused of blaspheming God and the King, of heresy and crime, falsely tried and condemned and executed to gratify those who have coveted their wealth and honors. While we see that human nature is still the same, let us remember that the God of Israel changeth not, and that at all periods, and in all nations, such crimes are viewed by him with abhorrence, and that a certain retribution awaits their authors.

Jezabel long survived her husband, and prosperity and such honors as attend the prosperous were hers. She was the daughter, the wife, the mother of kings. Her son ruled Israel; her daughter sat on the throne of more royal Judah. She dwelt in royal state at Jezreel, and enjoyed possessions obtained by the deepest crimes. Jehoshaphat was gathered to his fathers, and the King of Syria perished by the hand of his servant, and Elijah was translated to Heaven, but Jezabel still lived, and although occasional miracles attested the presence of Jehovah, she continued

to harden herself in idolatry. Ahariah bowed before the gods of his "father and his mother," but Jehoram returned to the worship of Jeroboam, and the court of Israel was so utterly given to idolatry as apparently to be unconscious of the existence of the wonder-working prophet Elisha in their land. Although the age of Jezabel was prosperous it could not have been happy. Memory must have recalled past sins and conscience whispered of coming retribution, and the avenging justice of heaven which hung like a dark cloud over her house must have cast its shadow over her spirit.

We may fancy her in her old age, still ambitious, proud, and intriguing—past the season of pleasure, stripped of power, without honor and the reverence due to virtuous age, deserted by the tribe of court flatterers, and surrounded by abject and trembling slaves, and remember that a life of crime is never closed by a serene and peaceful age. Her doom was long delayed, the hour of threatened vengeance at length arrived. In one day was the King of Israel dethroned, murdered, and the race of Ahab swept off from the face of the earth. And the last act in the life of Jezabel was worthy of herself, of Jezabel in the days of her power, when she defied the prophet of Israel and the power of Jehovah. She heard of the insurrection of Jehu, the death of Jehoram. The fears of a woman, the feelings of a mother found no place in her heart. In the hour of terror and death, the pride and daring of her nature still prevailed. She forgot neither the proprieties due to her rank, and the embellishment necessary for her person. With the pride of one who had seen kings at her feet, she "painted her face, and tied her head," and then haughtily presenting herself before the murderer of her son and the usurper of his throne, she uttered the threat which she knew would madden him—and by the hands of her own servants was she dashed to the ground, and the chariot of the destroyer of her race passed over her, while the troop of the horses trampled her into the dust.

The crimes of Jezabel are peculiar to her rank, and the age in which she lived—her sins are common to our nature. She sinned so greatly because she so determinately resisted the truth, attended as it was with every demonstration of evidence and power, and her offence was increased, and her own heart hardened in proportion to the light she rejected, the power she resisted. She defied the commands of Jehovah because they inter-

ferred with her inclination and her interests. She refused to believe because she had resolved not to obey—and as nothing so sears the conscience, hardens the heart, perverts the mind as a resistance of the truth and a reckless defiance, a presumptive disregard of the commands and providences of God, so, while at no period of their national history was the power of Jehovah more fully displayed than during the reign of Ahab and his sons, and never did her rulers attain a height of more heaven-daring wickedness, or her people sink into such deep iniquity while with accelerated speed they rushed to destruction.

Few in private life are tempted to commit the crimes of Jezabel, while many who pass on with a fair exterior, may not be guided by higher principles or actuated by purer

motives. The age of miracles has passed away. We no longer hearken to "Hear ye the word of the Lord," from the mouth of the stern prophet, but God still speaks to us in his Word, and in his providences, and often do his messengers exclaim, "We then, as ambassadors of the Lord Jesus Christ, beseech, be ye reconciled to God."

And she who refuses to obey the voice of God, to know and to do his will, who liveth in pleasure, and is actuated only by selfishness, pride, and vanity, though she be to "outward seeming," lovely, and attractive in appearance, still in the great features of her character too much resembles the Queen of Israel. "For as face answereth to face in the glass, so doth the heart of man to man."

TO A MOONBEAM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY PHILOS.

MILD lustre of a globe of fire,
What wilt thou have of me, bright ray?
Wilt thou this gloomy breast inspire
With the calm light of heaven's day?

Hast thou come down to me to bear
The secrets of the starry plain,
The mysteries of that country where
Day will soon call thee back again?

Does not some pure and kind design
Impel thee from that heavenly gem?

Comest thou on the sad to shine,
Like a soft beam of hope for them?

Dost thou not point to a clear morn
The weary souls that 'neath thee bend?
O! ray divine, art thou the dawn
Of that bright day which will not end?

My heart is quickened at the sight,
By rapture never felt before;
I think of those who are no more;
Art thou their spirit, gentle light?

THE SNOW-DROP.

BY E. G. WHEELER, M. D.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

"Thou beautiful new comer,
With white and maiden brow,
Thou fairy gift from summer!
Why art thou blooming now?
No sweet companion pledges
Thy health as dew-drops pass;
No rose is on the hedges,
No violet in the grass;
Thou'rt watching, and thou only,
Above the earth's snow-tomb;
Thus lovely and thus lonely,
I bless thee for thy bloom."

SYSTEMATIC name—*Galanthus nivalis*; Class VI., *Hexandria*; Order I., *Monogynia*; Natural Order, *Amaryllideae*.

Generic Character—Calyx and corol confluent; calyx or outer petals three, superior, concave, regular; nectaries, or inner petals, three, small, emarginate; stigma simple.

Specific Character.—Leaves linear, keeled, acute, radical, with parallel veins; scape one-flowered: flowers with a spathaceous bract: blossoms white, and appear in March and April.

Geography.—Found in the north of Europe, and countries of the same parallel.

Properties.—Of the plants found in this natural order, some are stimulant, some emetic, some purgative, some diaphoretic and diuretic, some astringent, and others decidedly poisonous; the poison principally apparent in the viscid juice of the bulbs. Some plants of this order are said to be used by the Hot-tentots for poisoning their arrow heads.

Remarks.—The generic name is compounded of *gala*, milk, and *anthos*, a flower, alluding to the milky whiteness of the blossoms: *nivalis*, snowy, alludes also to its purely white flowers, or perhaps to the time of their approaching.

The Snow-drop is always a welcome visitor, being, among flowers, the first harbinger of spring. Old Boreas yet bellows over the

chimney-tops and whistles through the casement—the hoar-frost weaves her fantastic figures on the lawn—white plumes occasionally descend from the frowning cloud—the blue-bird's song is yet feeble and melancholy—the icicle still decorates the eaves—the sun's rays, struggling through the frozen vapors of the atmosphere, shed a faint and gloomy light over the fields, and man sympathises with saddened nature around him—when suddenly his heart is cheered by the appearance of this delicate flower, smiling amidst the frost and general gloom. The circumstance of its early appearance has given it the name of *Perce-neige* with the French, and Snow-drop with us.

Lone flower, hemmed in with snows, and white
as they,
But hardier far, once more I see thee bend
Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,
Like an unbidden guest. Though day, by day,
Storms, sallying from the mountain tops, waylay
The rising sun, and on the plains descend,
Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend,
Whose zeal outruns his promise! Blue-eyed
May
Shall soon behold this border thickly set
With bright jonquils, their odors lavishing
On the soft west wind, and his frolic peers;
Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,
Chaste Snow-drop, venturous harbinger of spring,
And pensive monitor of fleeting years!

WORDSWORTH.

Sentiment.—Consolation.

When life's stormy winds blow high,
Then how sweet it is to know
Some congenial heart is nigh,
That can feel for others' woe—
That can all our griefs beguile—
The desponding spirit cheer;
Light the peaceful, happy smile;
Gently wipe the falling tear.

"THERE ARE STORMS ON LIFE'S DARK WATERS."

FANCY generally sketches her pictures in light; or, at least, so disposes the sunshine and shadow, as to form one harmonious blending, which we love to contemplate. The pencilings of truth are more deeply and darkly drawn, too frequently, alas! without any cheering ray, save that which the lone star of hope throws out, as a beacon, amid the surrounding gloom. Thus, again and again, when imagination has been revelling in some scene of repose, on the wide sea of human life, the finishing stroke of stern reality, would reveal in the distance a cloud like to a man's hand, or a billow bounding onward, bearing the wreck of joys, which just before seemed destined for cloudless skies and placid waters. Such were the musings suggested by that poetically beautiful, but mournfully true sentiment, "there are storms on life's dark waters."

I see childhood, innocent childhood, beside a font which bears on its bosom a toy ship, gently guided in its movements by the influence of a magnet. As he gazes on that, which he would fain believe to be the effects of his own skill, he dreams not of the wintry day that will congeal those tiny waves, nor of the cloud that, sooner or later, will mantle in darkness the sunny sky reflected there; but truth says, even to laughing childhood, "there are storms on life's dark waters."

On a lake, where

"The silver light with quivering glance
Played o'er the waters still expanse,"

a light skiff is gliding. Thoughtless Youth is there, lulled into forgetfulness by the soft rippings of the tide, that is bearing his fragile bark onward. Yonder vista is the opening to a deeper channel and more dangerous waves;

but he, all absorbed with the present, thinks not of an adverse wind or reflux tide. Shuddering, I turned away, for it needeth not a prophetic eye to discern, that ere long, he will prove that "there are storms on life's dark waters."

Manhood, as thou standest by that gallant prow, why is thy countenance stern, and thy brow knit with the indications of rebellious thought? Is there no music in the pensive wailings of the wind through the set sails and tightened cordage? Why dost thou tremble at the lightning's flash, and why art thou silent when the thunders roar? Of what are they the harbingers, that thou should'st long for a hiding-place? Oh! he knows that it is the dark spirits of the tempest that are marshalling the elements against him, and soon he is to experience, that "there are storms on life's dark waters."

Yonder vessel has cast anchor; Age is reclining there, regardless of the helm that has safely guided his once stately, but now weather-beaten, bark, so near its final resting-place; its "silver cords" are loosening, the sails flap idly to the winds, and but one more mandate will echo through them, THAT will consign all to oblivion. What do the rent sails and splintered masts tell of? What voice have those creaking beams, and Sundering planks? What do the dirge-like sounds of the waves closing over them proclaim? All, all, give back one answer, "there are storms on life's dark waters."

Childhood, Youth, Manhood, Age, venture not on the ocean of life without a heavenly pilot, a sacred compass, an anchor cast within the veil, and a passport to the haven of rest beyond, for, "there are storms on life's dark waters."

E. M. K.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

PREJUDICES AGAINST POETRY.—There are persons, whose opinions on many subjects are entitled to respect, who seem to entertain very unworthy and erroneous notions of the nature and objects of poetry. They place it in the same category with the most idle fictions. They suppose that, from its very nature, it gives wrong views and raises false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. The late Dr. Channing, in that eloquent paper on Milton, which gave its author a world-wide reputation, thus meets this prejudice, in a passage which our readers cannot but thank us for transcribing: "That there is a wisdom against which poetry wars, the wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good, and wealth the chief interest of life, we do not deny; nor do we deem it the least service which poetry renders to mankind, that it redeems them from the thralldom of this earth-born prudence. But, passing over this topic, we would observe, that the complaint against poetry, as abounding in illusion and deception, is, in the main, groundless. In many poems there is more of truth than in many histories and philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities, and its flashes often open new regions of thought, and throw new light on the mysteries of our being. In poetry the letter is falsehood, but the spirit is often profoundest wisdom. And if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in the delineations of life; for the present life, which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the materials of poetry, and it is the high office of the bard to detect this divine element among the grosser labours and pleasures of our earthly being. The present life is not only prosaic, precise, tame, and finite; to the gifted eye, it abounds in the poetic. The affections which spread beyond ourselves and stretch far into futurity; the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy; the innocent and irrepressible joys of infancy; the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes of youth; the throbbings of the heart when it first wakes to love, and dreams of a happiness too vast for earth; woman with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fulness of feeling, and depth of affection, and her blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire; these are all poetical. It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beau-

ties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys."

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW YEAR.—We have accompanied our readers to the close of another of the years of our pilgrimage, and the commencement of a new. We cannot but avail ourselves of the occasion to recollect for our common benefit, that it is wise to talk with our past hours, and prudent to enter thoughtfully upon the uncertainties of a future, which, as it unveils itself and discloses its aspects and allotments, may deeply affect the readers of these pages, as well as the hand that prepares them. We have read of a lofty mountain in Switzerland, from the top of which the shadow of the traveller is thrown by the setting sun far into the distance on the one side, and by the rising sun far into the distance on the other, so that, looking from this craggy and cloud-crowned pinnacle, he may see his own outline, his shadowy form floating on mist and vapor midway between earth and heaven. On such a pinnacle we seem to stand, when an Old Year merges in the Past, and a New opens the portals of the Future. Far, far away, hovering over the mists and dim distances of the past, our own image rises, and is held suspended, fixed, while all beneath and around is floating; palpable and distinctly defined, while all things else are melting into one another, and dissolving into chaos. And if we look to the Future, and strain the eye to catch glimpses of its forthcoming realities, or strive with the ear to detect some distinct utterance amid the confusion of its sounds, which like the mysterious, sad moanings of the sea-shell, awaken curiosity—the only distinct thing that stands forth is the shadow of ourselves, the only clear utterance that strikes the listening ear is the echo of our own. In few words, it is our own character which gives character and interest to the past and future. If our own souls be dark, polluted, and vile, our past is veiled in darkness, and our future is without sunshine or beauty—a region of clouds and storms. There is a power and a principle which can cover the hideous blackness of the past, and throw serene calms, and beams of soft and holy light into all futurity. Need we tell the readers of the Christian Parlor Magazine what we must do and be, in order to secure oblivion for years departed and blessedness for years to come?

LOSS OF THE STEAMER ATLANTIC.—No afflictive dispensation of Providence, for a long time, has spread such a gloom over this community as the recent loss of the Atlantic, with a large number of valuable lives. So overwhelming a blow could only be regarded at first by reflecting minds with a sentiment like that of the Psalmist, "I was dumb; I opened not my mouth, because

Thou didst it." How impressively does this event teach us the utter insecurity of our lives, when most carefully guarded by human caution and prudence. Here was one of the best vessels for its purpose ever put afloat, with a skilful, able commander, with every provision against disaster which human foresight could suggest; with long and wearisome hours to make the best preparations for the catastrophe which stared them in the face; yet all was powerless to protect or save. How important to be ready at any moment for the summons of the Judge. There was one among that doomed group (we trust there were many) who had not waited till the hour of dreadful peril to make his peace with God and his preparation for eternity. When it became evident that many were just about to perish, this servant of God, conscious of inward peace and a hope that no peril could endanger, calmly addressed himself to his fellow sufferers, and endeavored to prepare them for the awful event that awaited them. Having discharged his duty for the last time as a dying man to dying men, he composedly said, "I trust, through the divine goodness, we may be brought with our lives to land; but if it be otherwise ordered, I am not afraid to die." In such a spirit was death encountered, by that good man and faithful minister, Wm. J. Armstrong. Death can have no terrors for such a man. And while the hearts of wife, children, and a wide circle of affectionate friends, deeply feel the loss they have experienced, great should be their gratitude for the grace that sustained him in the fearful hour. For all bereaved by this most distressing calamity our hearts cherish the profoundest sympathy. Our earnest prayer is, that they may seek and find consolation from the Merciful High Priest of our profession, whose province and delight it is now, as it was in the days of his flesh, to bind the broken heart.

MERCENARY AND PREMATURE AUTHORSHIP.—A principal reason why there is so little earnest, impressive and really useful matter in the magazines of the present day, is found in the fact, that most of the writing is done with a single eye to the pay, and not with any expectation or desire of improving mankind. Twenty years ago, one of the best magazines adverted in strong terms to this evil, which then was a small one compared with its present growth. "No one," says that periodical, "can tell how low the expectation of pay has descended in literature, unless he has been admitted into the confidence of a periodical publication. The mere boys and girls, who can scarcely spell, scribble their first lines under an expectation of being paid, and well paid." The earliest stanzas, which used formerly to be written in honor of a mother's birthday, or a sister's wedding, or a child's funeral, are no sooner indited than sent to a magazine for publication; the article of remuneration being delicately but firmly

insisted upon. The first efforts of imagination in a tale, or the first essay, which we should have expected formerly to be either timidly shown to a friend, or in a moment of modest diffidence committed to the flames, are now sent round to every periodical with notes, impudently and importunately begging for an immediate return in the shape of money; and in case no notice is taken of these precious productions, or of their being thrown among a heap of similar papers, or perhaps into the fire, angry letter succeeds angry letter, demanding instant restitution of "the property so shamefully withheld," or "its equivalent in a check." We cannot too earnestly advise all parties interested, that at best, writing for the press is an unprofitable employment; and writing merely for pay a hopeless and discreditable one. A higher motive than this must inspire the mind—the love of truth and an impassioned desire of usefulness can only give birth to "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." Contributions to periodical literature springing from such impulses, command their reward.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The graceful lines from a fair correspondent at Chittinango, on Christian cheerfulness, which have been for a time mislaid, shall appear soon. The following lines are from the same hand: "On sending flowers to the grave of a young lady who died among strangers, on a visit away from her home."

Go, chosen flowers, adorn her grave.
And bloom where lies her lovely form;
There let your beauties sweetly wave
At dewy eve, at early morn.

Tell ye the passer by, here sleeps
One whom affection could not save;
Reveal to all who pause and weep,
"This is the youthful stranger's grave."

Go, then, and spread your sweetness there,
Emblems of her who sleeps beneath;
There pour your fragrance on the air,
There die—your life, like hers, is brief.

Let each returning year renew
Your being—there to live and bloom,
A lasting pledge that she to view
Shall rise, and live beyond the tomb.

WHITTIER'S POETRY.—We have heard complaints of late that Whittier's poems cannot be found in a single collection. We are glad to have it in our power to say that an edition, embracing all but the anti-slavery pieces of this soul-stirring poet, has lately been issued by a Boston house. An accomplished southern correspondent, whose appreciation of the beautiful in poesy is only equalled by her modest estimate of her own powers, thus writes respecting Whittier:

"I have lately seen a reply in a Boston paper to the query, 'Who is Whittier?' from a southern editor. The champion of the poet, I fear,

made an unfortunate selection of verses for the ear of the southern querist, whose prejudices would not be allayed by either the sentiment or the manner of the answers. Much finer extracts might be taken to exhibit the genius of J. G. Whittier, one of the sweetest poets of New England. His *Merimac* abounds in glowing description; his conversation of Channing and Sturge, on Narraganset Bay, is full of beauty and benevolence of feeling; but of all his efforts that have come to my hand, his *Sampson*, in my estimation, is the finest. It was written for the Opal of 1846, and is entitled 'The Wife of Manoaah to her Husband.' The Story of Sampson has long exercised the genius both of painters and poets. Some, with a perverted taste, and a love for the horrible, which, however well it accords with the severity of truthful history, is inadmissible in painting, have chosen the most excruciating scene of agony in the category of the hero's misfortunes as a subject for revolting detail. Not so with our poet, whose mind loves to contemplate the good and beautiful in nature and in human character. Milton, in his 'Agonistes,' has surrounded his scriptural Hercules with all the dark and solemn drapery needed in a drama where the principal actor is a fallen, blind, imprisoned, and enslaved captive. The insults of his enemies, the jeers of Delilah, chains, and the shadows of his prison house surround him, scarcely relieved by the melancholy and too late visits of his friends. But Whittier has chosen the period of childhood. His Sampson is in his infancy, and accordingly he has thrown around his hero all the cheerful lights which that season of innocence and promise admits. Manoaah and his wife are seated in the field after a day of labor; their son is reposing at a little distance, beneath the shade of an olive, through whose boughs he is gazing up to the blue sky. The sun is setting, and has touched with his last rays the head of the child, forming to the mother's eye almost a halo of divinity, to which she calls her husband's attention. She then goes on to mention her forebodings as to his fate, and the tale of sacrifice

'she is ever reading in his calm eyes.' This strain of thought calls up to her remembrance a dream which came to her when resting from labor, which commences thus:

I slept not, though the wild bees made
A dream-like murmuring in the shade,
And on me the warm-fingered hours
Pressed with the drowsy smell of flowers.

It is this dream, opening with the beautiful personification of the warm-fingered hours, that gives the poet a vehicle for some of the most stirring details in the history of Sampson—details which, leaving out of view all that is horrible and disgusting, retains only the beautiful and sublime.

"'Eshtaol's vales of ripened grain,' and the towers and rocky heights of Zorah in the distance, are the accessories of the picture; but nothing can exceed in beauty of conception the mother's tender recollections, and the depth of feeling with which she tells of her earnest watchings over this, their only son.

Oh! while beneath the fervent heat
Thy sickle swept the bearded wheat,
I've watched with mingled joy and dread
Our child upon his grassy bed,

Joy which the mother feels alone,
Whose morning hope, like mine, had flown,
When to her bosom, over blessed,
A dearer life than hers is pressed.

But specimens are insufficient to give an adequate idea of this exquisite poem. Had Mr. Whittier never written anything else, 'The Wife of Manoaah to her Husband' is sufficient to establish his fame. The poem consists of only sixty or seventy lines, in which, along with much pastoral beauty, it contains some touches of the true sublime. The last verse but one is a beautiful picture of that strange mingling of the deception of a dream with the realities of life, on awaking from sleep, which every one has realized, and the last verse contains a sentiment to which every Christian parent will say Amen."

HOW PLEASANT 'TIS TO SEE.

MUSIC BY GEORGE HENRY DERWORT.

ALLEGRO MODERATO.
p
Soprano.

How pleasant 'tis to see Brethren and friends agree,

Alto.

How pleasant 'tis to see Breth-

Basso.

Each in his pro- per sta- tion mo - - - ve, Each in

ren and friends agree, Each in his pro- per sta- tion move, Each in

f

his pro- per sta- tion move, How pleasant, pleasant is that part, How pleasant, pleasant to the

pp

his pro- per sta- tion move. And each ful - fil his

MF

The musical score is written for three voices: Soprano, Alto, and Basso. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and an Allegro Moderato tempo. The Soprano part starts with the lyrics 'How pleasant 'tis to see Brethren and friends agree,'. The Alto part enters with 'How pleasant 'tis to see Breth-'. The Basso part enters with 'Each in his pro- per sta- tion mo - - - ve, Each in'. The music continues with a forte (*f*) dynamic, with the Soprano and Alto parts singing 'ren and friends agree, Each in his pro- per sta- tion move, Each in'. The piece then transitions to a piano (*pp*) dynamic, with the Soprano part singing 'his pro- per sta- tion move, How pleasant, pleasant is that part, How pleasant, pleasant to the'. The Alto part enters with 'his pro- per sta- tion move.' and the Basso part with 'And each ful - fil his'. The score concludes with a mezzo-forte (*MF*) dynamic.

heart, With sym - pa - thi - zing heart, And

part, With sym - pa - thi - zing heart, How pleasant, pleasant is that

part, How pleasant, pleasant is that part, How pleasant, pleasant to the heart, And

each ful - fil his pa - - rt, with sym - pa - thi - zing

part, How pleasant, pleasant to the heart, How pleasant, pleasant is that part, How pleasant, pleasant to the

each ful - fil his pa - - rt, With sym - pa - thi - zing

heart, For all the cares of life and love, For all the cares of life and love, For all the

heart. of life and love, of life and love, For all the

cares of life and love - - - - - of life and love,

cares of life and love - - - - - of life and love.

cares of life and love, In all the cares of life and love - - - - -